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Amor, du Kindlein bloss,
Wem dein vergiftes G'schoss
Das Herz einmal berührtet,
Der wird alsbald verführet,
Wie ich wohl hab erfahren
In meinen jungen Jahren.

Für nur ein Freud allein
Gibst du viel tausend Pein,
Für nur ein freundlich Scherzen
Gibst du viel tausend Schmerzen,
Wie ich wohl hab erfahren
In meinen jungen Jahren.

Drum rat ich jedermann
Von Lieb bald abzustahn,
Dann nichts ist zu erjagen
In Lieb, dann Weh und Klagen,
Das hab ich alls erfahren
In meinen jungen Jahren.⁵

From the compilers' note on the song I quote also the following interesting data: "Das Lied war am Ende des 16. und durchs 17. Jahrhundert sehr beliebt, denn es findet sich in vielen Liederbüchern und Quodlibets und wurde umgedichtet schon bei Demantius 1595. Seine Melodie wurde zu historischen Spottliedern benutzt. So schon 1583 zu einem Lied auf den Erzbischof und Truchsess Gebhard in Köln: 'Gebhard, mit Trug und List du churfürst worden bist.' Ferner im dreissigjährigen Kriege mehrfach, besonders auf den vertriebenen Böhmenkönig Friedrich: 'Fritz, du verwöhntes Kind' (1621).

Zu Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts wurde die von Regnart erfundene Melodie in die protestantische Kirche aufgenommen und dem von Sigismund Weingärtner gedichteten Liede: 'Auf meinen lieben Gott' zugeeignet. Mit diesem geistlichen Texte finden wir es zuerst im Gesangbuche von Melchior Vulpus. Jehne 1609, Nr. 132; zugleich dort mit dem andern geistlichen Text: 'Man spricht, wen Gott erfreut,' der schon 1605 bei Gesius vorkommt. Bekannt und besser als die durch Chromata verdorbene Lesart des Gesius und Vulpus finden wir die Melodie in Schein's Cantional. Leipzig, 1627, Nr. 226. Aus letzterem ist die jetzt in Kirchen übliche Lesart hervorgegangen." In conclusion the compilers then give also the three oldest religious variations of the song. Ayer, as I have already pointed out,

chose this same popular melody as the vehicle for his operetta. Since Erk and Böhme do not make mention of this important and significant fact, I assume that it may have been overlooked by them.

To sum up. In his editorial note Prof. Hatfield suggests that Freytag's version "Venus, du und dein Kind etc." may be a free working-over of lines occurring in a poem by Moscherosch (1601-1669). In view of the facts now before us this theory seems no longer tenable. If, in this connection, we are to speak at all of a "working-over," we shall be forced to say that in his "Venus selbst sampt ihrem Kind etc." Moscherosch gives us what might more properly be regarded as itself a working-over of a much earlier song beginning "Venus, du und dein Kind." This pretty selection as we have seen was set to music by Jacob Regnart and was included in his collection of villanelles which appeared as early as 1574. And Freytag's reference is, of course, reminiscent of this *sixteenth* century song, and is not a modern adaptation of the *seventeenth* century song of Moscherosch.

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SHELLEY AND PEACOCK.

The announcement that Peacock's "Memoirs" about P. B. Shelley are soon to be republished by the Oxford University Press may serve as an excuse for treating the subject of their literary relations. The truth is that if we except (as well we may) a scanty article written a few years ago by Mr. H. B. Young, none of Shelley's critics has yet taken care to examine the extent of his debt to that enigmatic man of letters Thomas Love Peacock. Their acquaintance presented, we must concede, few of the symptoms that are generally supposed to reveal or constitute a "literary friendship": they had few ideas in common, and they issued no manifesto. And yet, to the careful student of Shelley's life, it must appear as if their companionship requires more than a passing mention.

Shelley does not seem to have become personally acquainted with Peacock before the winter of

⁵ Cf. Erk and Böhme, *Deutscher Liederhort*, 1894, vol. 3, p. 478.

1812. One is astonished at first at the sudden sympathy between two men apparently so different, between the wild, enthusiastic young poet, the author of "ill-digested" romances, and the more frigid Greek scholar, his elder by seven years. Peacock's weakness may have been a certain lack of reverence, a smiling mistrust of enthusiasm; Shelley ran to the other extreme. A curious thing it is that this lasting affection should have sprung up between two men neither of whom was ever blind to the other's imperfections; indeed a sort of "marriage de convenance," founded on a moderate but strong sympathy, and having no deception to fear, because it did not feed on illusions.

From their first meeting until Shelley's final departure to Italy (1817), they were very often together. They went on long rambles, and embarked in lengthy discussions; they quarrelled like good friends, and agreed only in their common love of Greek. It was there that "Greeky-Peaky's" aid would prove invaluable; and they vied in translating into English verse the finer passages of Euripides or Sophocles. Even Shelley's second marriage did not alter their friendship, though Peacock constantly defended Harriet against all calumnies, and was never on the best of terms with the second Mrs. Shelley. But just as he had accompanied Shelley and Harriet to Scotland a little before their separation, so we still find him one of a chosen company of two (the other was Charles Clairmont) who rowed up with Shelley and his wife Mary to the sources of the Thames. A whole winter, which they spent together, has been described by J. Hogg as a "mere Atticism." Of course there were occasions when Peacock's laughing manner and his refusal to believe in "blue-devils" would irritate his enthusiastic friend; but friendship prevailed on the whole. Did not Shelley, when circumstances were favorable, bestow a pension on Peacock? Was not Peacock, when circumstances were *not* favorable, constantly true to Shelley? There came a time when the mention "Shelley goes with Peacock to the lawyers" was written almost daily in Mary Shelley's diary. And later, when "the lawyers" sought him, the disheartened poet had nothing left but to hide himself, as best he could, in Peacock's lodgings in London. That he was grateful

to the scholarly friend who had not only thrown open to him "the classical adytum," but had also stood by him through his distress, need not be pointed out to readers of the delightful "Letters from Italy," or to Shelleyans who remember that Peacock was named as conjoint legatee with Byron.

This friendship of ten years would be interesting even if it had not produced any literary results more important than the suggestion by Peacock of the title "Alastor," or more tangible than Shelley's fine appreciation of the Hellenic attitude toward life. It is unnecessary to insist on these points, as they have been often mentioned; but there is another manifestation of this literary friendship which has not received due recognition at the hands of the critics, although it reveals more about the relations between Shelley and Peacock than many documents.

We fail to understand how all those who have spoken about *Nightmare Abbey* have misinterpreted its caricature of Shelley. Yet it is impossible, without such an appreciation, to form a right judgment about Shelley's moral and literary character.—Peacock published *Nightmare Abbey* in 1818, mainly, he wrote to Shelley, "to make a stand against the encroachments of black bile." The fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, he thought, was "really too bad," and he at least would protest against "the systematical poisoning of the mind of the reading public"! And this is the story he tells us:

Scythrop, the son of melancholy Mr. Glowry, first goes to a public school, where "a little learning" is "painfully beaten into him," and thence to the University, where it is "carefully taken out of him," and he is sent home "like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head." Of course he at once falls in love, his first victim being Miss Emily Girouette. To use Peacock's words: "He fell in love, which is nothing new; he was favorably received, which is nothing strange. Mr. Glowry and Mr. Girouette had a meeting on the occasion, and quarrelled about the terms of the bargain; which is neither new nor strange. The lovers were torn asunder, weeping and vowing everlasting constancy; and, in three weeks after this tragical event, the lady was led a smiling bride to the altar, by the Hon. Mr. Lackwit; which is neither strange nor new." Thus jilted, Scythrop broods over his despair in a se-

cluded room of his father's gloomy residence Nightmare Abbey, and comforts himself by reading German romances. Very soon, the nature of his disease changes, and it evolves into a "passion for reforming the world." To "the world" he gives a treatise; but the treatise falls dead from the press; what of that? "Seven is a mystical number," says Scythrop, "Let me find the seven purchasers of my seven copies, and they shall be the seven golden candlesticks with which I will illuminate the world." It happens, however, that a young cousin of his comes on a visit to Nightmare Abbey just at that time; by a natural consequence, Scythrop falls madly in love with her. All would be well with him and Marionetta, if Mr. Glowry had not arranged beforehand that Scythrop must marry his old friend's daughter, Celinda Flosky. And the secluded room with the secret panels again sees Scythrop, more desperate than ever; one day he finds there a beautiful dark-haired girl: and she explains to him that she has run away to avoid marriage with a stranger, whom her father was forcing upon her. Besides her looking very romantic, she has the great merit of being one of Scythrop's seven readers. He cannot resist so many charms united; he hides her behind one of the secret panels, and soon falls in love with her. But he does not cease to love Marionetta. True, his soul has spoken last and best; but his heart had spoken first. Indeed a most embarrassing situation. "He had," his historiographer says, "his esoterical and his exoterical love: the old proverb concerning two strings to a bow gave him some gleams of comfort; but that concerning two stools occurred to him more frequently." His double game is discovered at the end; the romance closes like a farce, and Scythrop is left in the lurch by both his friends.

The whole novel is incredibly light and amusing—Scythrop is, of course, Shelley. His passage through a public school (Eton), thence through a University (Oxford), and his first disappointment in love (Harriot Westgrove) are as many unmistakable traits of Shelley's early youth. So is the unsuccessful treatise, and so are also his revolutionary ideas and his love for horrible tales. Peacock, with characteristic discretion, simply writes in his *Memoirs* that "Shelley took to himself the character of Scythrop," without informing us whether Shelley was right or not; still it does not seem rash to identify the two characters. This granted, to what extent was the caricature true to life? If Shelley liked it, as we know he did, what

conclusions must we draw from this fact regarding his ideals, or his conception of his own character?

These questions have been generally answered in a very unsatisfactory way. The book having been written in 1817, the first mistake of the critics consisted in taking this as a caricature of Shelley as he was in 1817; and in the effort to explain the discrepancies between the portrait and the original, *Nightmare Abbey* has too often been considered, from the Shelleyan point of view, a joke rather overdone. Of the same order, though still graver, is the blunder that has led some interpreters to consider Scythrop's duplicity in love as an allusion to Shelley's double marriage. Now Shelley showed himself delighted with the caricature, the "chastity and strength" of which he was happy to praise. Inevitably some defenders of morality waxed indignant at the thought of Peacock turning such a tragic story into a joke, and of Shelley laughing at this joke: a fine theme indeed! As for those who let the thing pass without protesting or at least showing some astonishment, we shall content ourselves with admiring their equanimity. One regrets, however, that the most recent treatment of the subject, Mr. Young's *Dissertation on the life and novels of T. L. Peacock* (1904), should reiterate the ridiculous and calumniating statement.

If the dark-haired Stella is not a portrait of fair Mary Godwin, can she be any other than the romantic schoolmistress Elizabeth Hitchener, the passion of Shelley's youth? Nothing is more curious than to follow in their recently published *Letters* (1908) the growth of Shelley's infatuation for this mature spinster (she was 29 years old and he was still a boy), the black-eyed, black-haired, foreign-looking governess whom he had met in the country. The reader of such a correspondence cannot help feeling that, compared with their extravagance, all the fiery and blundering enthusiasm of Scythrop is but a pale copy. For Shelley had not so much as hesitated between two girls, as Scythrop does; he loved Harriet Westbrook for her bright cheerfulness, also for the "persecution" she endured for his sake from her father and her school friends; but at the same time did he not call Miss Hitchener "the friend of my soul," "the sister of my soul," "the half of my soul?" Did he not

name his spiritual sister "Portia," just like Scythrop's "Stella?" Indeed, upon Shelley's informing Miss Hitchener one day that circumstances had forced him to marry Harriet, she was all forgiveness and he soon made new proposals: "Nothing would be transgressed by your even living with us. . . . My wife will abstract from our intercourse the shadow of impropriety." . . . "Harriet is above the littleness of jealousy." Is it not curious that this attempt at a sort of spiritual bigamy should have been made? Miss Hitchener came to the Shelleys', but she had to leave them after a few months. Then the disillusioned Shelley fell suddenly from the sublime heights of sentiment, and was the more dismayed by the bare reality. His former goddess became the "Brown Demon," and "he could not speak of her afterwards," says Medwin, "without laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks." Hear him speak: "My astonishment at my own fatuity, inconsistency and bad taste was never so great as after living for four months with her as an inmate. What would Hell be, were such a woman in Heaven?" Remembering these words, we cannot wonder at his finding such treasures of fun in *Nightmare Abbey*. For the romantic lover of "Portia," for the writer of tales of horror, even for the author of that "villainous trash" of his early youth (*Queen Mab*), Shelley in his later years feels merely sympathetic contempt.

He helps Peacock to make fun of his former self. It is he who finds in Ben Jonson the most appropriate motto. He writes from Italy to his friend: "I hope you have given the enemy no quarter. . . . Remember, it is a sacred war . . ." Peacock had found *Childe Harold* "too bad"; Shelley answers: "I entirely agree with what you say about *Childe Harold*. The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked and mischievous insanity . . ."

The sight of a man helping, so to speak, to make his own caricature, is not to be forgotten. But why did he do it? The reason may have been that the victory over the more unwholesome features of his past was not complete, and he realized it. I do not think that anybody has ever pointed out the attitude Peacock soon assumed toward his friend, that of a cold-blooded and reasonable man, moderating Shelley's wild enthu-

siasm with a touch of his practical common sense, and obstinately refusing to believe in his visions. "Semi-delusions" he calls them, and adds that "if they had always been received with similar scepticism, they would not have been often repeated; but they were encouraged by the ready credulity with which they were received by many who ought to have known better." Need we insist now on the intentions hidden in Chapter XII of *Nightmare Abbey*, where phantoms are laughed at, and the apparition of a would-be spectre is the cause of pushings and tumbings worthy of Scarron's pen?

Thus interpreted, does not this phase of Shelley's acquaintance with Peacock become singularly "piquante"? No longer a mockery or a caricature, in the ordinary sense of the word; but rather a piece of friendly advice, an allusion to a laughable story of the past, a picture of former and ridiculous sentiments, and finally,—for where would otherwise be the point of the joke?—a warning not to fall again into the same state of mind. In Italy Shelley had found Byron. Was Peacock far wrong in thinking that the contagion of his new friend's "black-bile" might prove dangerous for Shelley? Shelley himself, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt, "exhibited an uneasy suspicion that his (Byron's) intimacy had had an ill-effect on his kindlier view of things." Intimacy with Byron robbed him of faith in his own poetic powers. "I do not write; I have lived too long near Lord Byron, and the sun has extinguished the glow-worm."—Furthermore, Shelley needed protection from himself. His romanticism was not purely literary; it colored his whole life. One has only to read his first novels, mistakenly neglected by his biographers, in order to see what havoc can be wrought in the life of a man by romantic ideas. Shelley's sad story is explicit in *Saint-Irvyne*. Love is painted in it as a fatal, irresistible passion. Wolfstein, the hero, has run away with a girl who was his companion in captivity; but hardly are they married, when he finds her too frivolous: "The rapid days rolled on, and each one brought the conviction to Wolfstein more strongly that Megalena was not the celestial model of perfection which his warm imagination had portrayed; he began to find in her not the exhaustless mine of interesting con-

verse which he had once supposed. Possession, when unassisted by real, intellectual love, clogs man." This same Wolfstein soon begins to love another woman, in whom he finds or seems to find those "intellectual" qualities. What a prevision this is of Shelley's own story! Here we have a captivating psychological problem: May not Shelley, with his all-pervading imagination, have identified himself with those great characters of romance whose adventures he wrote? He speaks in one of his letters to Peacock of "a theory which I once imagined, that in everything a man ever wrote, acted, or imagined, is contained as it were an allegorical idea of his own future life, as the acorn contains the oak." Theories, as we know, were no joke for Shelley. It is probable that under the influence of his romantic ideas he exaggerated the differences which separated him from Harriet. He would not have been a romanticist, if he had not delighted in the belief that his was an exceptional case.

The very geniality and kindness of Peacock's caricature could have no other end than to propitiate Shelley. It was necessary to reawake his sense of humour, already blunted by romanticism; it was necessary to help him to laugh at himself. Peacock's success is attested by the comment Shelley made on the book: "I know not how to praise the lightness, chastity, and strength of the language of the whole. . . . The catastrophe is excellent. I suppose the moral is contained in what Falstaff says: 'For God's sake, talk like a man of this world!' . . . And yet, looking deep into it, is not the misdirected enthusiasm of Scythrop what J. C. calls 'The salt of the earth?'" I do not think Peacock would have denied it; but he would have insisted on the word "misdirected."

Nightmare Abbey is the greatest document for the history of the relations between Peacock and Shelley. It marks the end of their active friendship. While Shelley resided in Italy, their acquaintance was only maintained by an unfailing correspondence. Unfortunately, Peacock's letters have not been published, and the correspondence as it stands, although very interesting as an expression of Shelley's ideas, is altogether too one-sided to be of great moment for our present study.

We must say the same of Peacock's *Four Ages of Poetry*, and of Shelley's answer to it in his

Defence. We are told that as originally written, Shelley's article contained many personal allusions to his adversary. As it has been edited, the *Defence of Poetry* is too general to deserve more than mere mention here.

We spoke in the beginning of evaluating the extent of the debt of Shelley to T. L. Peacock, and now we feel we have not wholly kept our promise. But who could measure mathematically such delicate approximations? We shall be satisfied if we have suggested that Peacock's place in the life of Shelley is much greater than has been generally supposed.

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THE BELLUNO FRAGMENT.

The Belluno fragment is as follows:—

"DE CASTEL DARD aui li nri bona part, J lo geta tutto jntro lo flumo d'Ard, e sex Caualer de Taruis li plui fer cō se duse li nostre Caualer."¹

It appeared in a MS. or MSS. extant in the sixteenth century of a Latin chronicle composed about 1200, the vernacular sentence appearing, with no word of introduction or comment, in the body of the text. There are extant four apparently independent transcripts of the fragment, with preceding and following portions of the Latin text, made between 1530 and 1607.

It has been assumed, without dissent, that the words "DE . . . part" mean "Our men got possession of a good part of Casteldardo," the first "lo" and the "tutto" being regarded as neuter.² It seems to me more probable that they mean "Our men had the best of it, triumphed, at Casteldardo." The dictionaries of the Crusca and of Tommaseo contain no examples of the phrase "aver buona parte" used in just this sense. Compare,

¹ V. Crescini, *Dell' antico frammento epico bellunese*, in *Miscell. linguist. in onore di G. Ascoli*, Turin, 1901, pp. 541-542.

² C. Salvioni, *La cantilena bellunese del 1193*, in *Nome Cian = Sappa-Flandinet*, Bergamo, 1894, p. 237; P. A. Becker, *Das Fragment von Belluno*, in *Zeitschrift f. rom. Phil.*, xxx (1906), 577.